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Commonwealth of Pennsylvania

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONERS
HARRISBURG, PA.

NOVEMBER 15TH, 1911

WILD BIRD PROTECTION

BULLETIN NO. 2

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WILD BIRD PROTECTION—1911

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Please Read, as it Means Something to You.

During the latter part of 1890, a party of gentlemen met in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., for the purpose of considering the question of protection to game, and to the insectivorous and song birds of our State. They came from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, at the instance of two men living in said city, and for the sole purpose of devising some plan whereby these innocent and helpless children of the field and of the forest could be saved from absolute extinction.

As the result of this meeting, the Game Commission of the State was created by Act of Assembly, June 25th, 1895, and it was made their duty, to see to it, that the laws on the statute books, and those that might thereafter be enacted upon this subject, should be enforced.

After repeated meetings between the gentlemen who originated the idea of a Game Commission, in connection with a committee from said Commission and other parties, invited to assist in the matter, the act, which afterward became the game law of 1897, was formulated. There was no thought of self interest entering into the consideration of this subject; there was no hope on the part of any of them, of a return for either time or money expended in the matter, their sole object was to save from destruction the game birds, the game mammals, the song and insectivorous birds of our State. They were men from all walks of life, from the judge on the bench, to the ordinary day laborer, but every one, deeply interested in the subject, and willing to contribute of his means to its success.

In the matter of protection to song and insectivorous birds they were of one mind, and agreed that all wild birds, other than a few specially named as game birds, and a few that were considered criminals in the bird world, should not be killed at any time, by any person, except for strictly scientific purposes, under stringent regulations. In the matter of game, there was not the same unanimity of thought; some of the gentlemen there gathered were experts with the gun, able to kill at almost every shot, some never put a gun to their shoulder, but purchased what game they got, some were from the extreme northern part of the State, where the game bird grew strong and quick

of wing early in the season, some were from the southern tier of counties, where, because of the warmer surroundings, the Quail, for instance, hatched twice in a season, and the last hatching was not fit to shoot before the middle of December, and often not then. Their ideas and interests were not the same, except upon the question of protection badly needed and in that interest they soon came to a conclusion, deciding, in the first place, to make the shooting season as uniform as might be, thus keeping the irresponsible gunner out of the woods and fields as much as possible, and to limit the time of legal shooting to two months. In proof of the assertion that there was no self interest in the matter, the men from the northern tier of counties said: "We in our section ought to be allowed to shoot squirrel on the 1st of September, but if this is allowed, we know that other game will be killed by gunners who, under the name of squirrel hunters, would traverse the woods from that time, until the close of the season and kill anything that came in their way; we will, therefore agree that the season shall open on the 15th of October." The men from the South said: "In the same interest we will agree to come forward to that time, although for genuine sport, we should not begin shooting before the 1st of November, and in some sections not even then." The expert said: "While I am able to kill to any score, if given the opportunity, I will agree to be limited in the number of each kind of game bird or game mammal I may kill, and make the number reasonable." The man who never shoots said: "I will agree to buy no game of the kinds that at present needs protection most," and so the law of 1897 was drawn. The majority of these men were members of what is known as "The Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association." The second article of whose declaration of principles reads as follows:

Article II. "The preservation of our forests; the protection and propagation of song and insectivorous birds, game birds, game mammals and game fish; for the aiding in the enforcement of the laws of the Commonwealth governing the same; for the promotion of kindly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen; to unite the efforts and influence of all law abiding citizens within the State in securing such legislation for the future preservation of our game birds, game mammals and game fish, as will be best suited to the interests of the people of our Commonwealth at large."

Principles in every way fitted to benefit the State and that might well be endorsed by every man, woman and child in this Commonwealth, it is not necessary for you to become a hunter, or a trap shooter or a fisherman, before joining this body that is simply an organization of representative citizens of the State without a thought of commercialism, banded together to save our game animals, because



Natural home of the Flicker, outside view.



1. Natural home of the Flicker, inside form.
2. Artificially prepared home.

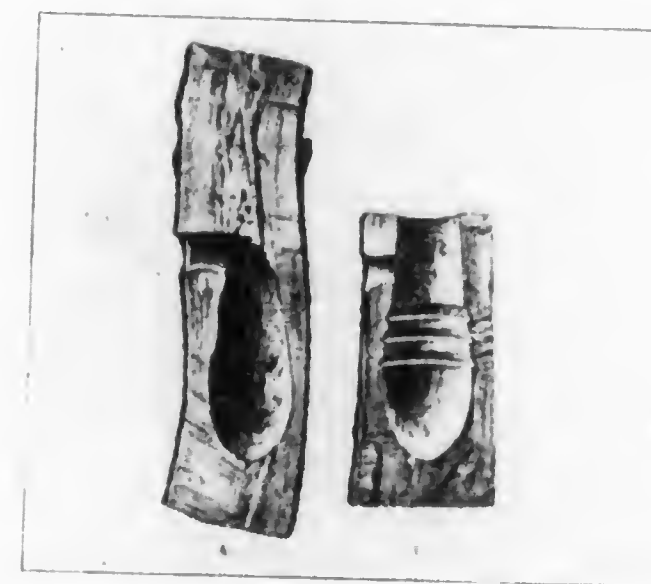
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Natural home of the Flicker, outside view.



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of the recreation and experience secured through the hunting of such animals, and their value as a food supply, and our wild birds classed as game for the same reason, and in addition, the value of their life-work and those wild birds not classed as game, because of the recognized value of their life-work alone.

Those through whose effort this organization was created, saw the necessity for action, then, if our birds were to be preserved from extinction they were also interested from pure motives, in the saving and increasing of our forest trees, they recognized that through this action alone, was to be maintained and preserved the beautiful landscape we all enjoy and also the source of a continuing and pure water supply, the pleasant and shady retreat on a hot summer day, God's natural temple and the city of refuge to those whose only hope of defence, has been flight to her protecting arms; they were conservators of our natural resources, fully twenty years ahead of the public demand and while they may not have understood the matter as thoroughly at that time, as they do to-day, they did a great work and deserve unbounded credit for what was done.

I am not exaggerating when I say, that every law upon our books to-day giving protection to game and to wild birds, was put there at the instance of sportsmen; the church-man from whom most is expected, never, unless he was also a sportsman, spent a minute of his time or a nickle of his money to aid in this work. The farmer who derives the most benefit from the life work of birds, unless he was a sportsman, has done nothing for the birds, his best friends. The sportsman alone, has done what has been done, and right here I want you to understand there is a great difference between the sportsman and the sport, all who may choose to go hunting are not sportsmen.

Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday, one of the great Naturalists of the world, and Director of the New York Zoological Park, in writing upon this subject, among other things says, "Show me one farmer, or forester who goes out of his way and labors and spends money to protect and attract his feathered friends and I will show you 99 who never lift one finger, or spend a penny a year, in such work," and again

"If there was anything I could say that would penetrate the farmers armor of indifference, and sting him into activity on this subject, I would quickly insert the stringer, even at my own cost and loss," and again

"Did you ever know a real sure-enough farmer, to subscribe to a fund for game protection, or to spend time and money in attending legislative hearings in behalf of bird protection and increase? I never did; I mean the real farmers who depend upon their crops for their bread and butter."

I attended some years ago a meeting of the League of American Sportsmen at Columbus, Ohio; Governor Herrick was at the banquet,

and in his address, among other things said: "I have followed with great interest the daily meetings of this organization; you have Delegates here from almost every state in the Union, from Maine to Florida on the east; from Texas to far-away Alaska on the west; your sole purpose in coming here seems to be to perpetuate and continue, to coming generations, the benefits and pleasures of the animal and bird life you now enjoy. Not once during your three days' session has the subject of commercialism been mentioned. I never before knew what true sportsmanship meant, and I assure you I will be a sportsman from this day on."

It is sad indeed to consider how many there are in all walks of life, who still fail, to understand the work being done by sportsmen, or the necessity for that work.

This is a condition brought to my notice almost daily and I am writing this bulletin, in the hope, that I may say something, that will cause you who may read it, to take an interest in bird protection and I care not whether the motive be Religious, Economic, Aesthetic, Humane, Pathetic, or what not only so you do something for the birds, now, not after a while, but to-day, before it is too late. How much better it would have been for this State and Nation, if the question of forestry had been intelligently considered forty or more years ago, instead of now. How much better it would have been if the State had long ago, thrown around her fisheries and her water supply and the health of her people, the strong arm of protection, that she is now attempting to extend. Our birds once extinct are gone for ever, remember that.

To the great majority of people, birds are simply birds, and nothing more; they are of no special value either singly or collectively, because so many of us, although we have eyes, "see not." That is, we do not understand what the birds are doing, we fail to realize that birds are found everywhere throughout the known world, excepting in the center of the great deserts, and that no difference where they are found, each family is doing a special work in its own peculiar way, that no other family attempts to do, except to a limited extent. Some in the air, some on land, some in the water. No one has gone too far North; no one has gone too far South, to find birds. Even in the centre of Old Ocean's stormy wastes, the Petrel or Mother Carey's Chicken is found. No matter how the winds may blow, or how high the spray may dash, this little bird, no larger than our common cat bird, is filling the place allotted to it, and doing a work done by no other bird.

Nature seems to have laid her plans well, and "To him, who in the love of Nature, holds communion with Her visible forms, She speaks a various language."

Last fall, driven before the north wind, like a wisp of straw, a fluffy little ball of yellow, red and brown feathers in the shape of a robin was whirled through orchard and across meadow, on the road to his home in the South, that mysterious movement called "migration" was on, like a shadow he was gone, and the lesson was "Thus passeth human life," or at least our opportunities, and "the winter has come."

All over this grand State of ours, this condition is recognized by every one interested in the subject; theoretically, the winter has indeed come to the birds, and unless those who love them rise in their power, and right speedily at that, it will be too late. Not only is this condition recognized by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen, but by the Audubon Society, and other societies. The Audubon Society is an organization of ladies and gentlemen, leagued together for the protection of our birds, and they know the value of each, and like the members of the State Sportsmen's Association, they also are willing to surrender some of their personal pleasures and say: "We hereby agree not to purchase or use the feathers of wild birds for ornamentation and will do what we can to encourage the protection of our native birds." In addition to the value of the life-work of birds they recognize their beauty of form and sweetness of song and the crime of their senseless murder to satisfy the desires of vanity. The originators of this organization must surely have been country born, or at least spent many an hour in worship at Nature's shrine, in communion with birds and flowers, and able to recognize the voice of each; for, "there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory." And the lesson is, the winter is passing, is almost gone, the snow is not all melted from the fence corners where the heavy drifts lodged, but the sun is shining, and on the topmost branch of that tall locust tree in the lane, sits a messenger pouring out his song of promise and hope; it's the same old robin that drifted away last fall, and he is singing the self same song his people have sung since Time's morning. As plainly as though in words, he is saying: "Here we are again—Me and Spring. I know the weather is chilly today; I have not forgotten the whistling winds and snows of yesterday; it may possibly freeze tomorrow; still, I am happy, for I am sure pleasant weather is not far away, and I know from experience."

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
So I turn by clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To see the lining."

Happy bird, with his song, to us the harbinger of Spring; by his coming we know that Nature is again about to show us a mystery, to

work out another miracle, and that perhaps even tomorrow, the blue bird will be twittering on the gate post and that cluster of lillies of the valley on the south side, be again unfolding their beauty of raiment, that bothered old Solomon to equal.

Dr. Hornaday says: "Regarding the killing of Robins and other song birds as food for man, in a land of plenty, there cannot be two opinions. It is not necessary, it is not 'sport,' it is very injurious to our farmers and fruit growers, and entirely reprehensible, no self-respecting man or boy can be guilty of such wrong doing, no civilized community should tolerate it, and *no farmer can afford to permit it*; I would rather that any friend of mine should be caught stealing sheep, than killing robins for food or 'sport.'"

Because negroes of the South and others who know no better, are disposed to kill robins and flickers and other valuable birds, is no reason why we should either destroy, or permit the destruction of our best friends.

There appears at this time, to be no good reason to justify the killing of song and insectivorous birds of any kind. One writer upon this subject says: "Our museum collections of dead specimens are already full. Their skins lie by thousands untouched, from year to year, by the student. Drawings and descriptions of their coloring and structure, fill many volumes, within easy reach of his hand. Every known species has given up its victims to the cabinets of the institute and the collector, until no valid excuse can be invented, for the collecting of more. *The man who kills birds today, on the plea that the cause of science demands the sacrifice, insults the intelligence of the well informed.* With the worlds collections already filled to repletion with gastly specimens, with libraries within reach of all containing detailed descriptions of every known variety, such an excuse cannot at this late day be made to palliate the blood lust of the hunter."

Will you not enlist from the pure love of Nature and give a little of your time, to establishing a condition of continuous protection for the birds; making their hope unfold into the reality of an endless summer for them, with its mating time, its peace and rest. Will you not contribute a little of your time to securing protection, to the things that go so far toward making Nature beautiful?

It has long since been determined that growing timber, forest, shade and fruit trees, contribute greatly to the healthful enjoyment of this life. That the products of growing timber are absolutely necessary to the success of mechanical pursuits. That upon the preservation or reproduction of our forests, depends our continuous water supply, our protection from drouth, as well as our defense against excessive floods.



Blue bird at home in artificially prepared house.

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The Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., estimates the value of farm products of the United States for the year 1908 at \$8,760,000,000, and says that the loss to Agriculture through the ravages of insects annually reaches, if it does not exceed, ten per cent. of the gross receipts. The above figures must therefore represent but nine-tenths of the possible crop, and the loss must have been one-ninth of \$8,760,000,000, or \$973,333,333 dollars, think of what that means.

A battleship costs something like \$8,000,000, and the loss to agriculture would more than pay for a fleet of one hundred battleships each year.

The Nation in 1908 produced 2,700,000,000 bushels of corn; if you desired to load this crop into box-cars, each car containing nine hundred bushels, you would need 3,000,000 cars, and at the rate of one hundred and thirty cars to the mile, you would have a train covering more than 23,000 miles. If you added the lost ten per cent., you would need more than 3,300,000 cars, a line of cars that would more than girdle the globe at the equator. Think of it, a belt of corn four feet thick and eight feet wide, extending entirely around the world. Consider too, *that this loss of ten per cent. loaded in the same way, would cover a track of more than 2,300 miles in length.*

Professor Surface, our State Zoologist, says: "Birds are the great equalizers between insect life and vegetation," and that in his opinion, "this world would not be inhabitable by man in ten years if insects were permitted to increase unchecked."

Dr. Warren, one of our ex-State Zoologists, says: "The great majority of young birds, while in the nest, are fed upon insect life, each one of them consuming daily, an amount of animal food, in the shape of insects, equal to if not exceeding its own weight." Pennsylvania, in round numbers, has an area of 28,800,000; at the rate of but one nest to the acre, each nest containing four young birds, weighing one ounce each, only four ounces to the acre, it would require 3,600 tons of these forms of life to feed the young birds of our State for one single day, and in addition, the food consumed by the old birds during the same time. Say there is but a single bird to the acre, and allow that bird but one hundred bugs or insects each day, and they actually consume many times that number, and you will have the birds of the State destroying 2,880,000,000 injurious forms of life besides the eggs of the same, allow 200,000 of these forms to the bushel, and you will need 14,400 bushels each day to feed the birds of our State alone.

Think of what quantity in bushels would be destroyed if each bird consumed daily two hundred or more of these forms, instead of one hundred or what the result would amount to if there happened to be ten or more birds to the acre, instead of but one bird.

No one attempts to say, that our birds alone are responsible for the curbing of insect life, but every one who has to any degree studied the question, says: "Birds are great workers in this direction, and are worthy of protection in every way possible."

Dr. Hornaday says: "Every one of the perching birds is worth its weight in gold to the farmer." He says: "It will indeed be a sad day for the American Agriculturist when the last insect-destroying bird is brought fluttering and dead to the ground; then, if never before, will he appreciate the value of the allies he has lost forever; then, indeed, when it is too late, will he be willing to exchange any quantity of berries or cherries for just one pair of living robins, cat-birds, or other birds, so despised and neglected to-day."

The Biological Survey, one of the Bureaus of the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C., whose duty it is to investigate and examine into the daily doings of birds from an economic stand-point, says: "Each family of our birds, almost without exception, is doing a work peculiar to itself, a special work, that is of great value to the farmers and fruit growers of the Nation, and that entitles each family of birds to protection."

Without special consideration, we do not begin to realize the possibilities of insect increase; many species increase so rapidly as to astound even the one who calculates. U. S. Bulletin, No. 3, page 44, estimates it possible for a single San José scale to become the ancestor of 3,216,080,400 of its kind in one season. This increase may be exceptional, but it demonstrates the possibilities and dangers, we are called upon to meet. If these calculations are correct, we can readily understand why, this world would not be inhabitable by man in a few years, if insect life were permitted to increase at will.

That Order of birds in which are classed our "Perching Birds" appears to be of most value, in the zone of Agriculture. In it, we find our singing birds, and many of our most beneficial insectivorous birds, such as thrushes, kinglets, nuthatches, tree-creepers, wrens, warblers, viroes, shrikes, swallows, tanagers, finches, black birds, and fly catchers, all common birds in this State; and in addition, horned larks, dippers, and wag tails, not so common, making in all sixteen families, and including more than three hundred and forty-five species; so I will at this time, by way of illustration, touch upon the life-work of only a few of these, and a limited number of birds belonging to other Orders.

Some of these birds are seen here only in summer, some are here in winter; some live upon high ground, some in marshes, some in the thickest parts of the woods, some in the fields, some along the border land, between woods and fields; some are found along running water only, some have long beaks, some have short beaks, some have soft



Illustrating how a mother wren appreciates a man-made home and a little kindness. This wren is in the act of taking a meal worm from the point of a pin, held in the human hand.

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beaks and feed entirely upon insects found in the open, some have hard beaks with which they rip and tear the bark and even hard wood, in search of insects and the larvae of insects found in such places, some live upon both seeds and insects, some build their nests upon the ground, some in holes in the trunks of trees, some in the forks of strong branches, and some attach their nests to the tips of the most willowy swaying branch; but it makes no difference where they are located or where they build this year, next year, they will be found following the same habit. Once a song sparrow, always the same. The meadow lark with her home in the grass, never aspires to be an eagle, or to build her nest on the top of some lofty mountain crag. Just as a city is prosperous, because of the continued diversified labor of many men, so the bird world, means much, or little, according to the variety and reasonable number of birds, each family apparently filling a niche peculiar to itself, each one occupying a place and doing a work, done by no other family, to any great extent.

Take for instance that family known as thrushes, including all the birds known by that name, some of them the sweetest of singers, also the blue bird and the robin, birds of similar structure, each one doing a work peculiar to that structure, destroying both insects and noxious seeds. Our common robin, of which I have already spoken, comes with the black bird, among the first in the spring time, each one just as busy as he can be, rushing here and there, turning over leaves, listening and running, in quest of food; each one, following the freshly turned furrow and gathering daily vast numbers of beetles, of which we have sixty or more kinds in this State, and the larvae of these same insects, that after a while, when the warmer days had come, would, were they not destroyed, make the profitable cultivation of that land, upon which they were found, an impossibility. Investigation of the life-work of robins, made by the Biological Survey at Washington, through a body of men, trained to this work, demonstrated through the examination of almost four hundred stomachs of robins, taken at different places and at different times, that fully 40 per cent. of the food of these birds the year round, was composed of insects, 43 per cent. of wild fruit and seeds, 8 per cent. of cultivated fruit, 5 per cent., of miscellaneous vegetable matter, and 4 per cent. unidentified; proving beyond question the economic value of the robin. Yet in the face of this evidence, we find many farmers ready and willing to kill this bird the moment he flies into their berry patch, or cherry tree, or even into their fields. The majority of these men never examined a bird's stomach, yet they presume to know more about this matter, than can be demonstrated by an army of scientific examiners.

I sometime ago, had occasion to arrest one of this class, a trucker, living near Harrisburg, for killing twelve robins in his cabbage patch; he admitted the killing, and said: "These birds were deliberately pulling up and destroying my cabbage plants, just as they pulled out angle worms, I saw them pulling out my plants; I know what I saw." A visit to this cabbage patch, showed that many of the plants had been destroyed in some way; I saw the robins vigorously pulling at and casting aside numerous plants, and it appeared from a distance that they were really doing a wrong; a closer examination demonstrated the fact, that *not a single root had been pulled from the ground every missing plant had been cut from the root, below the ground line, by wire worms, the larvæ of the click beetle, not cut worms.* I examined the hills where many plants had stood, and took from the ground with my hands, wire worms, in numbers varying from *three, the least found at any place examined, to forty-three, the most found around any plant.* These birds were doing a work for this man that he could not do for himself, and at the same time gathering food for their young; and this person, calling himself a good citizen, had, without thought, without an examination, deliberately murdered these birds and left their little ones to starve in the nest. His attorney, who was with me, when shown the worms, said: "*Doctor, he did not understand.*" This lack of understanding is the great trouble, if men only understood what the birds were doing they would not treat them as they do.

I remember well, a story, in one of the school readers, when I was a boy, about a dog named "Gellert," the property of a man, who together with his wife and their baby, lived upon the border, of one of the great forests of Europe. As the story went, these people were poor and compelled to labor in the fields, for their daily bread, sometimes they took the baby with them to the working place, and sometimes, when they were employed near their home, the baby was left in the cradle, in charge of the dog. One day after the noon meal, they went to a near-by field and the baby, was left in charge of "Gellert" as had been done, many a time before, feeling that no harm could possibly come to their loved one, under such care, for this dog had been tried, time and time again and had never been found wanting, he had always been true to his trust. When the shadows of evening had begun to gather, the laborers returned to their home, and were met at the door by "Gellert" blood and froth dripping from his mouth, with deep growls and trembling in every limb, he stood in the door way, there was no rush, as had been his wont, to meet his friends with joyous bark and wagging tail, but instead, he barred the way and said in his dog language, Stop; No one may enter here; The Mother saw, and with the cry, My God; My baby; fell



Beautiful single room house for wrens for attaching to side of building or on top of post. Detachable front, easily cleaned. Note the opening near the bottom, about 1 inch in diameter.



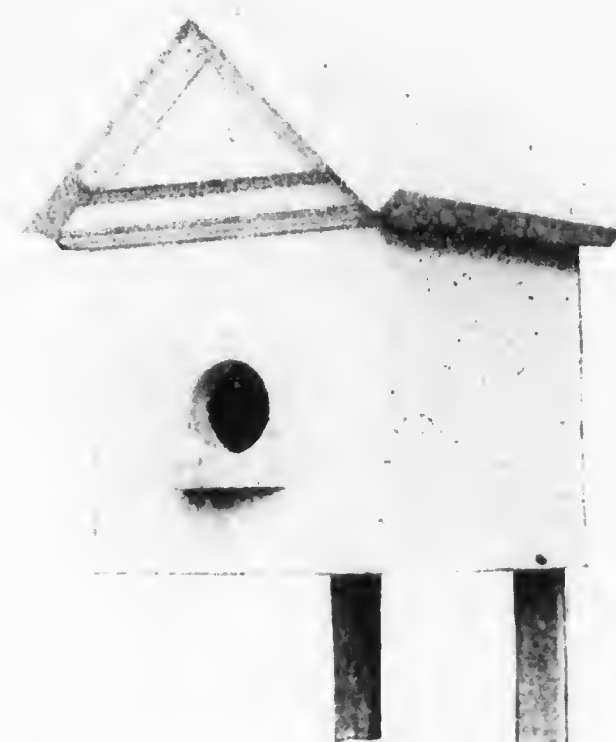
Home for Purple Martins.



Plain box, with detachable front, easily opened for cleaning. This is an ideal box for bluebirds, to be erected on a vine arbor or a post in a quiet nook of the lawn or garden. Note the opening near the top about 1½ inches in diameter.

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Home for Purple Martins.



Plain box, with detachable front, easily opened for cleaning. This is an ideal box for bluebirds, to be erected on a vine arbor or a post in a quiet nook of the lawn or garden. Note the opening near the top about 1½ inches in diameter.

fainting to the ground, the Father, springing forward, seized a sword that hung over the lintel of the door way and with the cry of, Die, Hell hound; plunged the sword through the dog, killing him instantly and then, rushing through the door-way into the darkened room, stumbled over the body of a huge wolf, torn and mangled and killed, by that faithful dog in defense of his baby charge, the little one cooing safely in its cradle.

Poor dog, murdered at the close of the battle, by the hand of the one in whose interest he had fought, mutilated and exhausted, he could only stand and tremble before his master, and what a return.

According to the story, these people with deep regrets and many tears builded a monument to "Gellert."

I want to ask; What good these regrets, or the tears, or the monument brought to this poor murdered dog? The claim, that they "did not understand," carried no atonement, no regrets could possible make a return of the life destroyed, or pay for the services rendered.

He did not understand; means nothing to the poor murdered robins in the cabbage patch or to their little ones, left in their nests to starve.

I beg of each one who may read this circular to consider well before you may kill any of our birds.

Another Family, the Warblers, containing about forty varieties, live almost exclusively in the tree-tops, and with their soft beaks are compelled to live upon insects only; they gather their food from the surface of the leaves, each one of which, they scan carefully upon both sides, taking insects such as may be found there, and scarcely if ever coming to the ground for any purpose. These birds are with us in summer only and spend the winter in far away Central America.

Still another Family of the same Order, the Sparrows (not including the English sparrow) numbering fully forty species, living on the ground, in the low bushes, in the high trees, everywhere, with their beaks stronger than those of the warblers', they are able to vary their labors and diet, mixing insect food with seeds of various kinds, as do the thrushes; in the aggregate consuming untold tons of noxious seeds, that undestroyed, would mean toil and sweat and blistered hands and back aches to men. The majority of these birds winter this side of the Gulf of Mexico.

Take the Order of Woodpeckers as another illustration; with their strong beaks, built to dig and tear, and with long flexible and barbed tongues they are able to secure food in quantity, where birds of different structure would starve. This order lives mostly upon the trunks and large limbs of trees, securing its food by the ripping off the outer bark. The majority of these birds stay with us both summer and winter.

We have six kinds of woodpeckers in this State, one of which, a summer bird, is known as the flicker; this is the most terrestrial of all that Order, taking fully 75 per cent. of its food, while with us from the ground; and fully one-half of its food, is made up of ants and the larvæ of ants, taken from the ground or dead trees; as many as three thousand little red ants having been found in the stomach of a flicker. Those who have made a study of insects and especially small insects tell us, that what is known as the plant louse, because of excessive numbers, is the most destructive of all, sucking the vitality from the plant upon which they may be found. The ant seems to be the special protector of plant lice, carrying the eggs of the louse below the frost line in the fall, and bringing the newly hatched louse to the surface in the spring time, placing it upon the desired plant, even moving it from point to point, upon the plant, for the louse is almost incapable of locomotion. In return for services rendered, the ant gets from the louse what is known as honey-dew, an excretion of the louse; just as the farmer keeps a herd of cows, for the milk they give, so the ant keeps his herds of plant lice for profit. With the coming of the flicker, the ant disappears, the protector of the louse has been removed, and the louse either dies of starvation, or is destroyed by some of its many natural enemies.

No farmer can afford to permit the killing of a single flicker upon the property he controls, or any other member of this Order, for just as the flicker is working for him so the others are doing each one in its special place and peculiar way. The redheaded woodpecker delights to feed upon large beetles and their larvæ, while the hairy and downy woodpeckers feed upon smaller insects, collected from the same tree trunks, over which the red-head hunted. The nuthatch and the chickadee, closely allied to the Order of Woodpeckers, glean still smaller game from the same field.

The cuckoo and the oriole appear to be created specially to destroy hairy caterpillars. The great naturalist Audubon, writing of these two birds, said: "Their stomachs are lined with hair;" and the dissection of the stomachs of either of these birds, during the warm summer days will frequently show this statement to be true; a closer investigation demonstrating, that while hair is found apparently growing upon the inside of the stomach, it is in reality not the product of the stomach, but is instead, the hair from the caterpillar eaten by the bird, each hair having perforated the inner lining of the stomach and remaining in that place until dissolved by the juices of the bird's stomach. A condition of like kind, in your stomach, or perhaps in the stomach of almost any other bird, would almost surely mean death. You get a splinter in your flesh, and immediately there is inflammation and suppuration, Nature is trying to purge itself of that



Flicker home fastened in tree.



Home for blue birds or wrens.

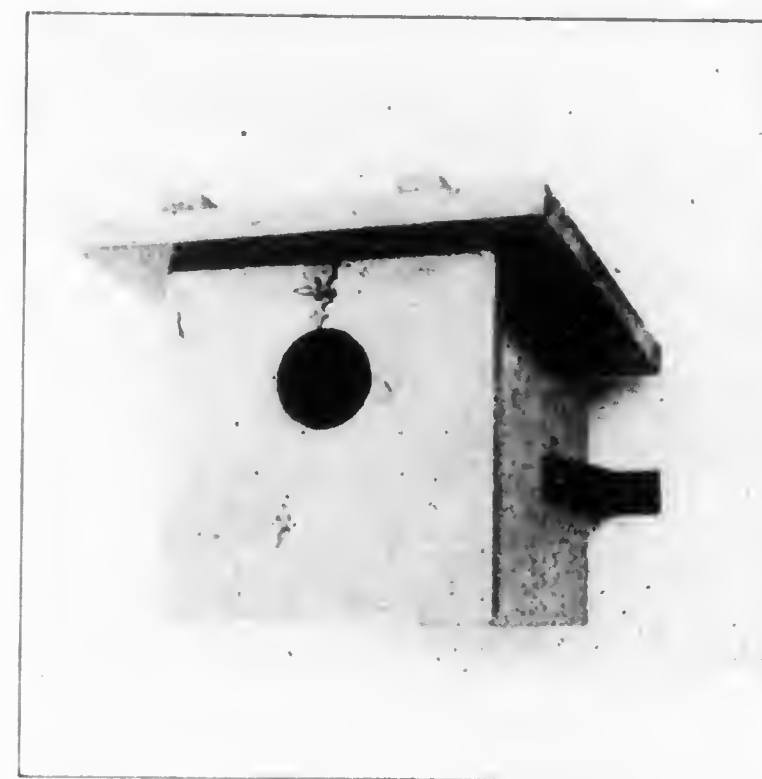
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foreign substance, and unless She succeeds there is likely to be serious trouble. The Great Creator appears to have planned these birds to do a work done by few, if any other, family.

The night-hawk, classed with the chimney swift, the humming birds and the whip-poor-will, in an order termed "Odd-Ones," lives as do others of that Order, almost entirely upon the wing; it takes all of its food in the air, destroying vast numbers of flying insects harmful to mankind, and does no harm in any way, not even using a single blade of grass, or a feather, or a hair, or twig, or any other thing, in nest-building; for it builds no nest, but instead, lays its eggs upon some bare dry substance, such as the top of a rock, or some hard piece of ground, or upon a flat house roof. When the little ones are hatched this bird is most industrious indeed, flying up and down in quest of insects, almost all night long, without a rest, and frequently all day too, when the days are lowering. Its entire life is spent in the interest of men, doing nothing but good. This same thing can well be said of the swallow Family, and of the flycatchers, such as the phoebe, the pewee and others, yet we find many who are ready to destroy these birds without a thought upon the subject. And so I might go on with illustrations of this kind almost endlessly, for there are so many, each bird doing its own work in its own place. The birds of this order, excepting the whip-poor-will, spend the winter months in South America. The whip-poor-will winters north of the Gulf of Mexico.

Our shore birds, of which we have more than 60 varieties in this country, are of great value, many of them living almost entirely upon mosquitoes and the larvae of mosquitoes, some of them consuming great numbers of grasshoppers and all together being of extreme value in their peculiar field.

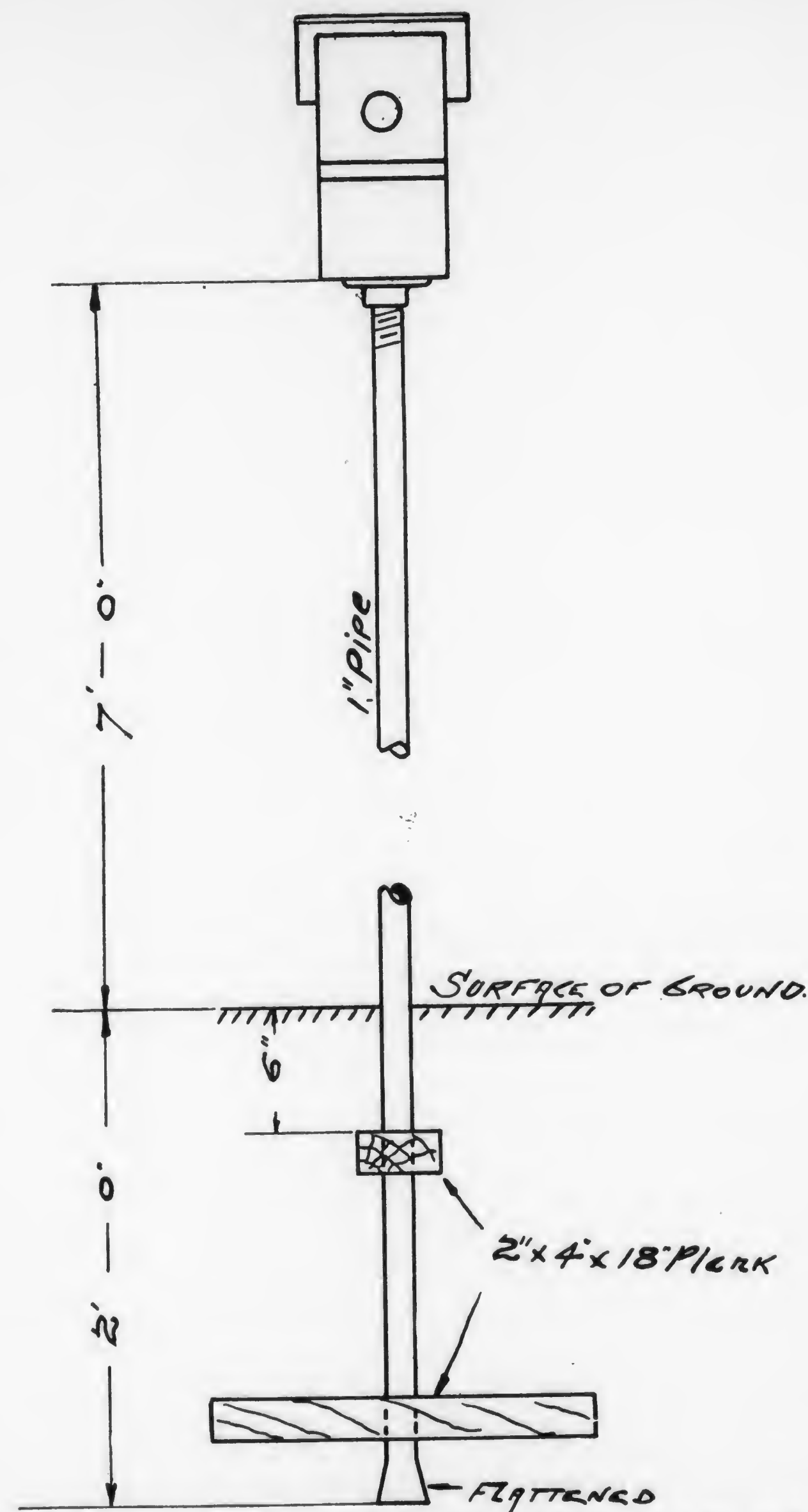
But I have said enough by way of illustration, and know if you, who read this circular, will take up the study of birds, you will find that I have touched only, upon the high places, and that there is many a valley left for you to fill in, with both pleasure and profit, that can be secured in no other way.

Let me impress upon every one, specially upon the farmer and the fruit grower, the value of each bird to him. From the standpoint of dollars and cents are these birds not worthy of protection? "Is the laborer not worthy of his hire?"

No one attempts to say that birds are the only destroyers of insect life, but those who have given the subject careful thought do say that birds are the great equalizers between insect life and vegetation, that they also consume vast quantities of noxious seeds, and are well worthy of protection.

Not only should they be protected and saved from destruction at the hands of man, but also from vermin of every character, and especially from the vicious of their own kind; from certain owls, and hawks, and the crow, for while it is admitted that these three last named birds do some good in the way of destruction to rodents and insects, the evil they do, more than outweighs the good, and the weight of opinion tends to their destruction, and particularly is this true of the crow. Enabled by the power of flight and a disposition to wander far, it covers vast stretches of territory in search of food, and its work for evil far exceeds that of almost any other bird and that of any four-footed animal, no matter how blood-thirsty it may be. A noted ornithologist says on this subject: "No observing person will deny that the crow does serious damage to the eggs and young of wild birds. The instances of such depredations which have come within the knowledge of most farmers and others living in the country are far too numerous to leave a shadow of a doubt on this score in any unprejudiced mind, yet for every instance of such robbery witnessed by man, thousands must take place without his knowledge. Persecution by crows, is doubtless a very large factor among the influences, which cause so many birds to crowd around human habitations during the nesting season, and yet the relentless crow, follows them even to the eaves and window sills of our houses, taking their eggs and young, in spite of every precaution, and the only wonder is that the wild birds, of many species, are able to raise young at all." The sharp shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawk, duck hawk and pigeon hawk, with the great horned owl and the barred owl are great destroyers of birds and game and should be killed wherever found.

Among the four-footed enemies of birds, excepting the weasel, the ordinary house-cat seems to be the most destructive, individually and collectively, and for various reasons, foremost of which is the fact that the majority of human beings are, to say the least, kindly disposed toward the cat, it has little fear of injury to itself, and is therefore able to devote its entire energy to the work in hand, in the woods and fields, everywhere, day or night, while wild animals have a divided attention, one avoiding their enemy, man, and the other capturing the victim. The wild animal, therefore, of necessity must prowl at night, and skulk in shadows. Everywhere throughout the civilized world, students and lovers of birds, recognize in the house cat one of the birds' greatest enemies. George W. Field, Chairman of the Massachusetts Game and Fish Commission says: "Cats destroy more game and wild birds than sportsmen, boys and collectors put together." Henry Traverse of New Zealand says: "Many of the islands in that part of the world but recently teeming with bird life, are now without birds, because of the introduction of cats." Another gentleman, an



Bird house on iron pipe. Note cross piece at base; this stiffens the pole and prevents its being pulled from the ground.

authority upon this subject, living in the State of New York, says: "There are at least 20,000,000 cats in that State, and that fully one-half of that number, or 10,000,000 are compelled to earn their own living." W. K. Horton, General Manager of the American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals says the agents of this organization, in New York, from January 1st to June 1st, 1910, killed 100,904 homeless cats, and some one writing upon this subject says: "If all the towns and cities of the United States had as good a record for destroying homeless and discarded cats, there would be more song birds to brighten the earth." To lovers of birds I can only say: Beware of cats. They may have their place for good to fill, but that place still remains to be discovered. We have many other animals frightfully destructive to bird life—the fox, the weasel, the mink, all kinds of squirrels, the half starved dog, the skunk and others. Of the last named animal, Dr. Warren says: "The skunk unquestionably destroys vast numbers of harmful insects, it also destroys many that are useful. I have until recent years, been one of its most earnest friends, but I am now satisfied that the birds destroyed by the skunk, in various ways, would, if left alive, do far more good than that animal can do, and none of the harm." For my own part, I know that the squirrels introduced some years ago into Capital Park, Harrisburg, have driven out the birds and prevented them from building in any of the trees. No wild birds nest anywhere in all these grounds, excepting the English sparrow, which builds under the covers of the electric lights, or in some other place to be reached alone through the use of wings. The nesting robins, the orioles, the warbles, the woodpeckers and others that could be seen at any time, before the squirrels came, are all gone, not one is left, demonstrating beyond question what squirrels can and will do, if given the opportunity. If squirrels mean more benefit than birds, then stock your parks with squirrels. You cannot have both together.

The Legislature has passed fairly good laws. They say "there shall be no hunting or shooting on Sunday." They say: "That song and insectivorous birds shall not be killed at any time, or for any purpose, excepting in the interest of science, and then only in limited numbers under a certificate issued by the Game Commission." They say: "That game birds shall be killed during but a limited period, and in restricted numbers," and in doing this they say to the farmer, we are your friend too, we have limited the time during which you will have to contend with the irresponsible person, who under the name of hunters, open your gates, tear down your fences, shoot your stock and your poultry, and so frequently start forest fires that result in great injury to you and to the State at large. They have given you the Act of 1899, which makes constables game, fish and forestry

wardens, and imposes a penalty upon them when they refuse or neglect to do their duty, after their attention has been called to the matter in a way prescribed by said Act.

They have given you the Game Commission, each member of which is striving to protect and preserve, and not destroy, and stands ready to do all in his power to enforce the laws as they exist, and to prevent vicious legislation on this subject in the future. *These men are working for the State, for you, entirely without pay in any manner, a Game Commissioner not even receiving a return, to the value of one cent, for the money he may expend in doing his work.*

And last, but not least, God has given you the help of a great band of noble souls in the Audubon Societies, who also without the hope of reward from a financial standpoint, are spending their time and their money for the protection of your best friends.

When the farmer, the farmer's wife, his sons and his daughters, take hold of this matter as they can and should do, and are willing to prosecute, or furnish the evidence for the prosecution, of offenses coming under their notice; when the professed Christians of this land are willing to do their duty, as they can and should do, in this matter and not "pass by upon the other side," then indeed will the summer be at hand, and we can say: "The winter is over and gone; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

There is something more to this question too, than the simple economic or aesthetic value of birds, a something that cannot be gauged by words or figures.

A beautiful woman has just passed, one that would be attractive in the most ordinary garb, but that is especially so in her silken robes and swaying egret feathers. I wonder if she, or those who would follow her example, have ever thought from whence came these beautiful plumes, have ever thought of the sorrow and suffering and death they represent. Some one has aptly said: *The egret plume on a woman's hat, is indeed a reeking bloody badge of crime.* Feathers, grown only by the parent bird, during that time when they are mateing and raising their young, truly nuptial plumes, feathers that retain their lustre, and are valuable only, after being torn from the warm quivering body of a freshly murdered bird. Think of this professed Christians—mothers, sisters, every one. Consider that happy home in the tree top over there, parent birds and little ones, each snowy white, emblematic of purity and peace. Up to this time no thought of trouble, has ever cast its shadow over them; darkness has thrown its mantle over the earth, and both old and young are wrapped in slumber; that darkness is fading into dawn, the family awake, the little ones grow restless and the parents take flight in

quest of food, never dreaming that they have started on a journey from whence there will be no return. The plume hunter, the day before located that nest, and his savage inhuman work is done. The little ones wait in vain for food, the swish of wings aloft cause these babies to rise in expectancy, only to settle back in disappointment, for the wings were those of strangers to them. Just as your loved ones wait at the window for you, so these little ones are waiting. The rustle of a leaf, the breaking of a twig, causes them to repeat this movement, many times during the first and second days, for they are, oh! so hungry. On the third day less attention is paid, they are just patiently suffering and waiting; their faith in father and mother is unshaken, they know they must surely come soon. Poor little innocents! On the fourth day, at the most, God has heard their plaintive moans, he has noted their suffering, and in his mercy, brought peace. There is no longer hunger for them, the flap of no wing, however strong, no cry however piercing, can disturb their rest. Something, has gone out of each little bird, something, that no earthly power can recall, and what is left to them, will shortly go to mingle with the elements. The torn and mutilated bodies of the parent birds lie out yonder festering in the sun. All this, that another of God's creatures, one said to be moulded in his image, and to be possessed of some of His attributes, may gratify a feeling of vanity. This is but an illustration of the taking of two egret plumes, and is not overdrawn. Think of the numbers of these birds, and the many others that must die each year to supply the demands of the millinery trade. How long shall this condition continue? What if these babies were yours? Have you ever given this subject one single thought? Have you ever considered that outside the question of cruelty, perhaps, in the eye of that Great Power, that created you, and me, and the little birds, it might be, that this unknown, indefinable something, that has gone out of these little birds, and that at all times and everywhere, marks the difference between the living and the dead, may mean more, than we in our egotism have ever dreamed of? Is there any justification for this great wrong, and if there is not, will you not help to correct it? Only think when you see the egret plume or any other plume the creation of which required the killing of a wild bird, only think what it means, and "dare to do right."

Sometime ago I heard of an old lady who had lived and died in a New York town; her life was filled with good deeds, and her friends were many. Death had claimed her, and she was about to be buried; those who had known and loved her had gathered to pay their last tribute of respect. Among the many, came an old Irish woman, bowed down with the weight of years and hard labor, her raiment, everything about her, indicating, to say the least that she was a little

out of place in that gathering. She recognized that fact too, and stood on the outskirts of the throng; her presence there seemed to her to be all the return she could make. Some one noticed her and suggested, that perhaps, she would like to look for the last time, upon the face of her benefactress; the invitation was extended and she went forward, with bowed head, slowly, she realized, that in all probability, she was the only one of her particular faith in that gathering! she reached the bier, and then, apparently remembering the past, determined in the face of all the people, to repay as far as possible, the debt she owed, to do her part, and stooping over, with her fore finger, she made upon the forehead of that cold, still form, the sign of that Great Church to which she belonged, a sign that she had been taught since childhood was absolutely necessary to carry the soul of that departed one in safety across the valley of dark shadows. That old lady by that act, preached a mighty sermon there, she had the moral courage, to stand in the face of the world, for what she thought was right. Oh! how I wish every lover of our birds had the courage to stand squarely, at all times, for their best friends. It is true we may not all be in position to do great things, in the face of the multitude, but we can each one do some little thing.

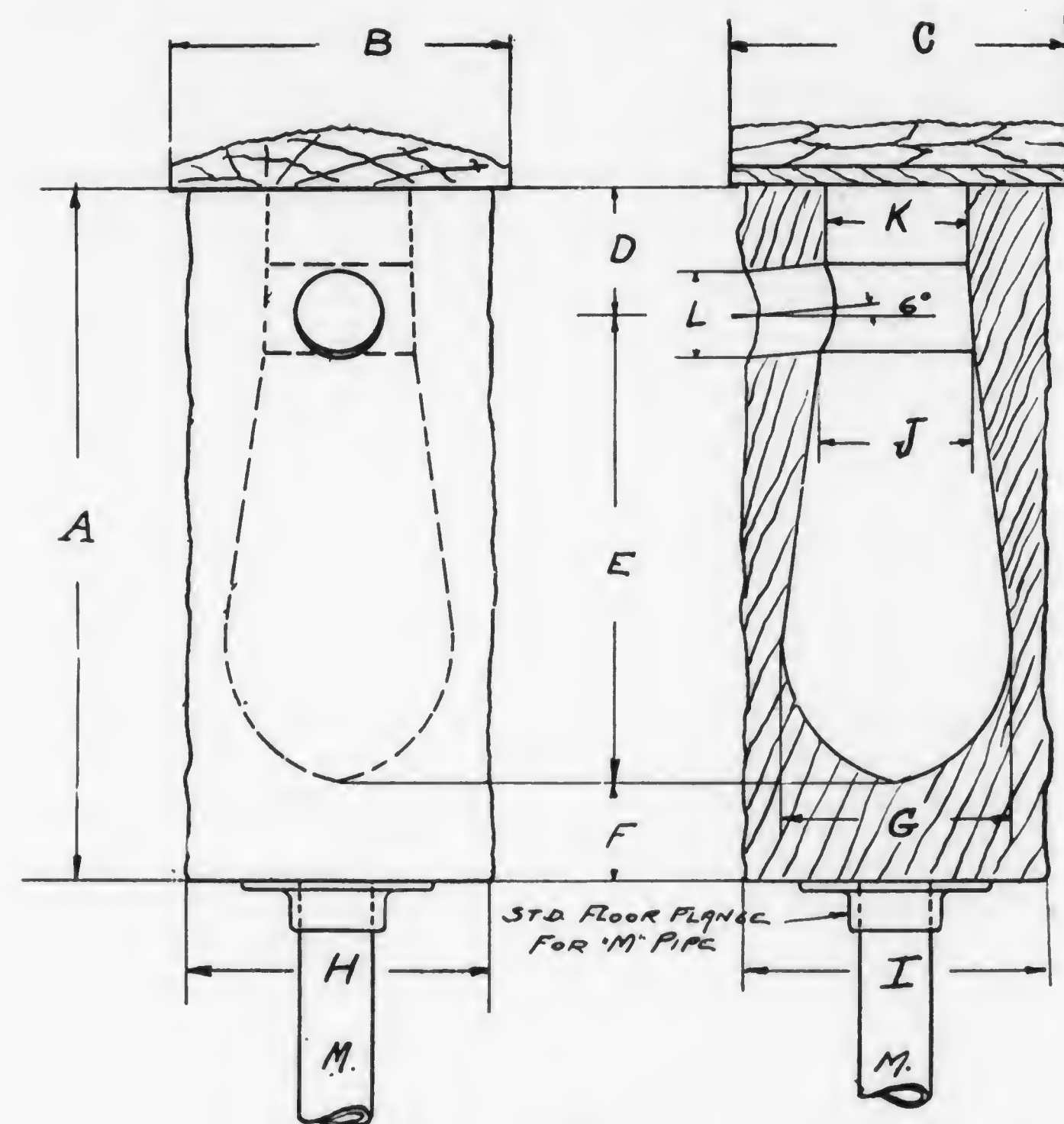
"Little drops of water, little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land.
Little deeds of kindness, little words of love
Make this earth beneath us, like to heaven above."

And again:

"If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the stormy billows, smiling at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors, anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them as they launch their boats away."

Remember that many of the old trees, filled with holes, in which some of our birds such as the woodpeckers of various kinds, the nut hatch, the blue bird and others found shelter and homes, have been cut away. Remember that tree surgery, in the orchard and on the lawn, has deprived many birds of the nesting place, nature intended them to occupy, and that they now need your help, won't you give it to them? I beg of you to do some little thing for the birds.

There are many ways of helping the birds; martins, blue birds, wrens, and other birds, delight in making their nests near the habitation of man, and readily occupy artificially prepared homes, such as boxes, or even tin cans, properly shaped and placed for them. It costs but a few cents to build, or to have built, a bird house; it costs even less to cut a hole, say an inch square, in the bottom of an empty tomato can, and fasten the other end to a tree or a post. Should a



SUMMARY.

STYLE OF NEST	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
HOUSE WREN	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	6"	6"	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	5"	5"	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1"	1"
BLUEBIRD	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	7"	7"	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	6"	6"	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	1"
WOODPECKER	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4"	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
FLICKER	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

Plans and measurements for artificial Flicker homes.

wren make that his home, you will be repaid many times over through the endless song of the wren. Should a blue bird come, you will be repaid, to just as great an extent, through watching the many and varied movements of this bird, in its catching and carrying to its young of food and in the most touchingly soft and gentle notes of the birds as they talk together. One can hardly realize the vast benefit in this direction that can be derived from a little effort upon his part. Try it, and note the result.

See cuts of bird houses.

I want to caution you though, in regard to the danger to the birds, especially from cats, that possibly may climb the post or tree and by running their paws into the box, take every bird from the nest. Be sure, therefore, to place your bird box in such a position that cats cannot reach it. I would suggest that in every instance your bird house be raised at least eight feet above the ground, and be supported by iron rods or tubing, so that cats or squirrels cannot reach them.

Last summer I visited a friend of the birds, living within two miles of the limits of the city of Pittsburg, and found many bird homes on his property, in extent not to exceed two acres. He had houses occupied by wrens; he had houses occupied by blue birds; he had several pairs of robins nesting in his fruit trees and along the fence rails; he had chippies nesting in his current bushes, and beneficial sparrows of various kinds, building in his shrubbery and in the grasses, *for he permitted no cat, at any time, to tread that sacred ground.* This gentleman actually producing and starting on their journey, for the good of the world, in one season, upon that limited piece of land, more than one hundred beneficial birds. Each one of us can do some little thing for the birds, if we try.

Remember if you hope to have any of the woodpecker family occupy a home you have prepared, it is well to have the bottom well rounded, as in the illustration, and that it is well to place in the home, a half pint of fine chips or coarse saw dust, with about a tablespoon full of dry powdered clay.

Remember that in boring the opening, it is well to bore it slightly upward, the purpose being to shed as much rain as possible.

Remember that bird homes, when fastened to the side of a building, or to a tree, are rightly fixed, if they are hung vertically, or with the upper part projecting a little in the direction of the opening, facing the east or the south east. The boxes are badly hung if inclined to either side or away from the opening, or if the opening faces the weather side. A shady place is best; never fasten the house, so that the hot sunshine strikes the opening and don't forget the porch, or projection, below the opening, upon which the birds may alight and rest.

All boxes should be fastened securely, so that they cannot shake, otherwise the birds will not readily settle in them.

It seems to me that almost any boy and many a girl should be able to build a bird house and I am sure, that at least some of the time of the students of the manual training schools of the State could not be put to better use, than in building bird homes during the winter months, to be put up at the proper time, that is, at least a month before the time you expect the bird to occupy it.

If you are not in position to build bird homes, write to some one like J. Warren Jacobs, of Waynesburg, Pa., or to some other person who understands the matter.

You can help the birds that will not build in artificially prepared homes, by planting ever-green trees, in which they can find shelter, or you can bend together and tie with a wire several small bushes, or limbs, thus making a cluster of twigs, in which the nest can be safely built, or you can cut off some large limb of a tree like the poplar, that is likely to throw out many small branches in the place of the larger limb and that will thus supply a thick cluster in which the nest can be placed the next year.

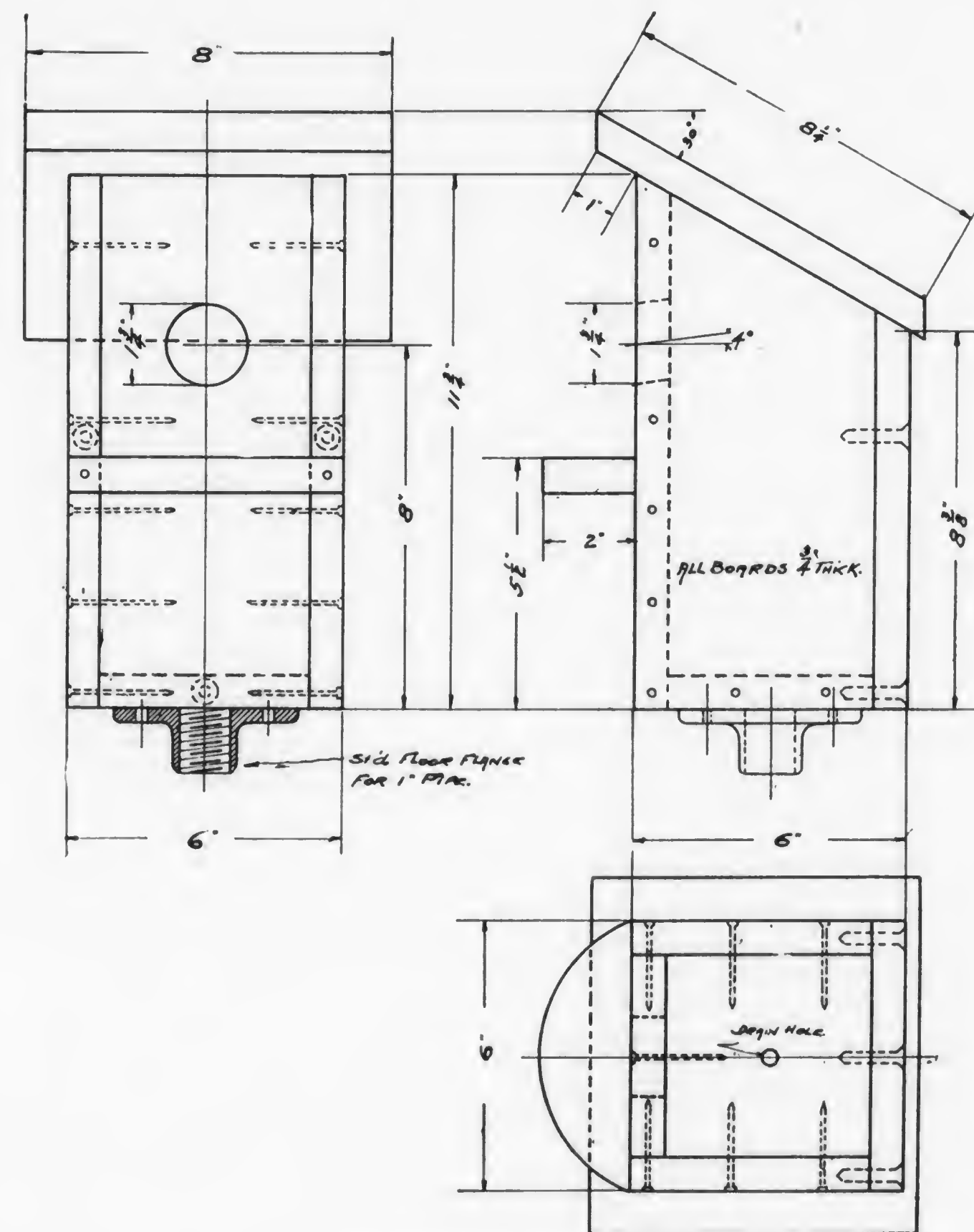
You can put up feeding boxes for the birds covering them with a roof so that the seed, or grain, or other food placed therein may be kept dry and clear of snow. Any form will do so that the food is not placed in the dark.

You can plant sweet cherry trees or Russian mulberry trees for the summer birds.

A piece of tallow, or of fat meat, or a piece of pork, or the shin bone of a freshly killed beef, nailed against a post, or hung up in some of the trees of the orchard, during the cold weather, will be most highly appreciated by our winter birds, such as the chickadee, the nuthatch, the downy woodpecker, the hairy woodpecker, and other birds, and be followed by a full return for anything you may have expended, either in time or money, along this line.

Just a little shelter, only a little food, for poor "Bob White" in the time of his need will surely bring its reward. He is ever ready to earn his living, and has worked for you all spring, all summer, and all fall, and now, because the ground is covered with snow, or will soon be covered, he is compelled to turn to you not as a beggar, but as a laborer truly worthy of his hire. He asks for a little pay for services rendered, and to be rendered, and calls attention to what he did this year as evidence of what he will do next year.

Through the cutting out of brush and briars along the old fence rows, and elsewhere, Bob has been driven from his usual nesting place to the grain fields and the meadows, where he meets the reaper, the mower and the horse rake, greatly to his discomfort.



Specifications for bird houses.

Through the draining of swamp land he has been deprived of the little tussock, entirely surrounded by water, to which he was wont to fly at even tide to rest in peace, safe from all his enemies.

He has run the gauntlet, between long lines of relentless enemies, including Paris green, for most unfortunately for him, he is a lover of potato bugs and eats them wherever he can find them, frequently, with his family, going blithely, into one end of a potato patch, to go out at the other end doomed to a death of agony, and the farmer wonders what has become of his quail.

Harrassed and driven hither and yon, during the summer time, he is now compelled to meet another and still greater danger, starvation. Put yourself in his place and think of what "Winter" means to him. You know the usual course; snow, varying in depth for several weeks, then, frequently a cold rain, followed by drifting snows, or by zero weather. The snows have shortened Bob's food supply and reduced his vitality, so that when the rains begin he does not feel disposed to venture out, even though his stomach is nearly empty, but instead, sits huddled with his friends in some point of shelter, until the first day is passed, and then, on the second day, driven by increasing hunger, he faces the storm, securing no more food perhaps than before the rain began; and then, with every feather dripping, chilled to the bone, with an empty stomach, and still more greatly reduced vitality, he huddles with his family, for the last time, to die, to freeze, or to be smothered by the drifting snows. If he were human, he would surely think, my God has deserted me; what have I done to deserve this, but as it is, Bob, is only a little bird, and the end is accepted without a murmur. His entire pathway along life's journey is marked only by good deeds to men; there is no evil in him, and he now bows his head, without protest, in submission to the will of that One, of whom it is written: "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice." Will you not help Him, I mean the Great God, will you not help Him, to care for some of his innocent ones, the little birds, and help yourselves at the same time?

You are big and strong and need no one to defend you; the birds have no protection except in speedy flight. You are perhaps wasting every hour, more than enough to keep poor Bob and his entire family in food the year round. Think of this condition and remember:

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Remember too, that prayer without works, amounts to but little. You have in mind the story of the merchant who, while journeying from Jerusalem to Jerico fell among thieves, and who was left wounded by the roadside; the Priest, from whom, because of his position, most was expected, "went by upon the other side;" the Levite, another of the leaders of public thought, failed to extend the needed help; no one, even said a kind word, until a Samaritan, from whom, apparently, nothing was expected, came that way. You remember what he did, and the Master said: "Who was neighbor to that man?"

Who is neighbor to the birds?

If I were engaged in damming a stream I would appreciate the dumping of one wheel-barrow full of stones into that stream, by some one, no difference how lowly he might be, and consider that act of more true value to me in my work, than all the suggestions that could be offered by the many people who might congregate upon the bank.

One single bushel of grain placed where Bob White can get it, means more to him, than all the talk and well wishing, that might be accorded by all the people of the county or of the State in which he has lived and is about to die of starvation.

A kindly spoken word means more than nothing at all, for that word may possibly reach some listening ear; it may influence some one to do, what you are unable to do.

Won't you do something for the birds, if you are not in position to scatter feed, and are Priest, won't you preach to your people upon this subject? Can you not say a word to your Sunday school? Cleanliness, courage, devotion, energy, fidelity, humility, industry, patience, temperance and truth are virtues all exemplified in birds. While there is no avarice, or covetousness, or deception, or discontent, or dissipation, or idleness, or jealousy, or profanity, or slander, or vanity. If you are a Levite, won't you say a word for the birds in your day school, in your office, in your club, any place? If you are only a Samaritan, with limited influence, you can still do some good; for there is no one occupying a position, above helping in this work, there is no one so lowly that the birds mean nothing to him.

I have tried in this paper, to say something, that from one of various view points, may bring the value of bird life close to you who may read it, and I hope some thought expressed, some word written, may cause you to consider in a new way, what the presence of birds means to you as an individual, what their life work means to the Commonwealth and that will lead you to do something, for the cause of bird protection, not after a while, not tomorrow, but now, to-day, before it is too late.

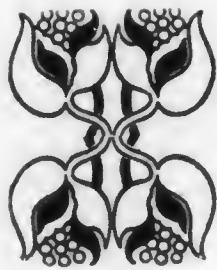
I beg of you to help the birds, your best friends, and know of no step in this direction that will mean more, than organization. Form some association, some society, wherein, conservation of natural resources may be considered, wherein the preservation of birds, that because of their life work mean more than can be expressed in words or figures, to you, may be discussed and plans be laid for furthering the work.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH KALBFUS,
Secretary of the Game Commission.

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